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Whimsical • Rimes

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Whimsical • Rimes

made • by

LELAND • S • COPELAND

Santa Barbara, California

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BY
LELAND S. COPELAND

The
Schauer Printing Studio
Santa Barbara, Calif.

FORE

"GOOD VERSE RIMES,"
BOSS MATTHEWS THOUGHT.
"FREE LINES FETTER
CHARM," HE TAUGHT.

"TABLOID WORK
IS MUCH PREFERRED,"
MAC ALARNEY.
"WRITE A WORD."

DREAMS

Beyond the dark and ruffled sea,
Which breezes crest with foam;
Beyond the rising tidal stream,
Where sails and circling seagulls gleam,
All dim gray-blue, it shoulders through—
The Island of my Dream.

Out there at dawn a purple veil
Slips down the mountain slope,
To tint a nook where poppies teem,
And in that paradise I seem
To see her wait, caressed by Fate—
The Lovegirl of my Dream.

Yet all the years sweep sadly by.
I cannot cross the sea,
But on the cliff that braves the stream
I stay perplexed, nor catch a beam
Of faith to take and will to make
The Future of my Dream.

ALONE

I OFTEN think how lonely the Lord of Life must be,
Who made the pneumococcus and poured the starry sea;
Who built a brontosaurus and locked its bones in earth
Ere anthropoid or human had Cenozoic birth.

How lonely, how forsaken, the God of Suns must be,
With neither wife nor comrade to share Eternity!
His home quintillions measure, but every else too small,
For suns themselves are motes that dust the Empty All.

I sometimes think how sated the King of Kings must be,
Whose microscopic vision records Infinity—
The toils and wars of trillions, while hunger, love and hope
Unreel the old, old dramas through which the midges grope.

STARS

Out through space my spirit leaps,
Swifter far than light;
Up to the lunar craters,
Gilded, banked with night;
Over the channeled, ruddy Mars,
Up through Saturn's rings;
Parting the hair of comets,
On my spirit wings;
Out where vast and awful voids
Space the Milky Way—
Room for earths by hundreds
To spin the night and day;
Straight through stuff of orbs unborn,
Mammoth nebulae;

Lost where stars by thousands
Light the Ether Sea;
Far in timeless, bournless space
Till systems cease to roll;
Ever vainly seeking
Hope and the Supersoul.
Millions die who never knew
Half I see and ken
While I circle madly
Through the stars. And then—

Back to earth my spirit falls,
Tired of cosmic dust;
Needing a human being,
Human love and trust;
Gliding down on fancy's wings
Deep among the hills,
Where the elms and maples
Arch the flowered rills;
Back to dark-haired Mirabel
All my being flies;
Back to a wide-arm welcome
And the cosmos of her eyes.

CONSOLATRIX

TAKE me, dear Death, in your arms.
I have tried so hard in vain,
But the hopes of my heart life cannot impart—
You must smooth away this pain;
You must lock me fast where hope is passed,
Released from my own disdain.

Fold me, kind Death, in your calm.
I am tired of toil and play,
And I long to rest, like a child, on your breast
In the dusk of a tangled day.
Yes, I long to sleep in a slumber deep,
Untroubled forever and aye.

REBIRTH

It was here that your ashes were laid, my dear;
That we scattered your dust in the dew,
Where we planted the rose that enchantingly grows
To fashion your graces anew.

Your glories still gladden the earth, my child;
Your smile is a quaint perfume;
These velvety tips were the gentlest of lips,
And your cheeks engendered this bloom.

Again your appear, but are many, my child,
And at last one brightens for me,
Who loved you so long, with a loyalty strong,
And hoped for what never could be.

DREAM-STUFF

"A girl in whom a man is interested is more of a dream than a real person."

THE girl you see—oh no, not she,
But the girl astir in your heart
Is the woman you love and exalt above
The stir of street and mart.
For the really so in lass or beau
Is hardly half that seems
When a strange control upwings the soul
To days that are webbed in dreams.

For buried deep in the mental keep
Is the love of a million years—
The pulse and mark of dawn and dark
With a myriad smiles and tears.
And a hundred tales of hills and dales
That were or might have been,
The dreams of art, have molded part
Of the Love that lurks within.

SUPERSTAR

ALPHA of Orion, mammoth of the sky,
Dropping gold at evening, sparkling red and high;
Blinking light at billions,
Vast as suns by millions;
Far among the stars and rich in latent worth—
Greetings from a solar atom, wrinkled little earth!

Airy in your substance, hardly there at all,
You are moving madly—heed some secret call.
Woven in your glories,
Doze uncounted stories.
Life and hope and death, with love and loss and tears,
Sleep within your vapors, wait the throbbing years.

ADVENTURE

Our life is strife, a brief and rude adventure,
A war of will and clash of hearts,
And hope is half our bliss—a dream of joy
That Time so grudgingly imparts.

The game is old, for years have gone by millions
Since living things first yearned and vied;
Since dots of hunger jostled round the food
That floated through the Algonkian tide.

Our restless globe has raced its circled journey
For eons since the ape-like men
Within a Java jungle snapped and clawed
For Beauty, fruit, or leafy den.

Three myriad years ago contending cavemen
Struck death from flakes of ragged stone.
The lake-hut peoples warred. Assyrian kings
On rivals' corpses raised a throne.

Xerxes' and Alexander's deadly marches,
The Caesars' sword and Omar's flame,
A Corsican, a Kaiser—all were part
Of earth's kaleidoscopic game.

Millions of years! yet men and nations grapple.
So sad to lose, yet grand to win!
A glint of gain to fight for thrills the world,
Which drowsy, dreary else had been.

REST

I LIKE the sea, but I long to be
Where ruddy wild strawberries grow;
Where fragrant forget-me-nots border the rills,
And maples and clover blooms nod in the hills,
In quiet green hills that I know.

For it seems to me 'twould be lulling to be
Where the dead found a rest long ago;
Where memories sleep in the stones o'er each bed,
And lilies look tenderly down at the dead,
In quiet green hills that I know.

DAWN AND HOPE

Light, light, the morning light—
Many a ray leading the day
Into all parts.

Hope, hope, recurrent hope—
Bringing us cheer, conquering fear,
Raising our hearts.

SHADOWS

Overtones of "Take Me Back to Babyland,"
F. J. Tannehill, Jr.

TAKE me back where Elsa smiles
And let me linger there;
Cheer me with the pensive charm
Of shadow eyes and hair;
Let her sing again or be
Sweet with whimsies fanned—
Take me back beside the hearth,
Deep in Memoryland.

FUTURE

After the dreams and yearning,
Beyond the storm-cloud too,
What for me will be future be,
And what for you?

Where will Florene be singing,
And who will arrest her smile?
Whose joy will last when mine has passed,
After a while?

Who will charm her forever?
Ah, would that I knew how!
Man of the earth, esteem her worth
As I do now.

PARTING

FAREWELL, for the shadowed hours incline,

And day's delights so soon are gone.

I leave you, dear; your love resign.

Farewell—till a brighter day shall dawn.

THESE THINGS MUST BE

I CANNOT help that snows are white,
That skies of June are blue,
Nor yet that stars shine all night long—
No more can you, no more can you.

The Bengal tiger's teeth are sharp,
And ships do down at sea;
No footfall cheers the lonely moon—
These things must be, these things must be.

THUS PASSES GLORY

My master has rendered a message of fate
In words that gloom like a knell,
And my way winds out through the mountain gate
To droop where the lost souls dwell.
For the fairy-formed hours are all at end,
And hope so shattered no magic can mend—
Too soon I must bid you farewell.

Through fair paths we wandered; no more we shall roam,
For Fate is supreme from appeal.
I must leave you serene in your mountain-locked home,
To wait for the ill and the weal.
For my way lengthens on under rain-laden skies
And no more will run where your mountains arise—
I have lost you forever, Camille.

WANHOPE

THROUGH all the long, dim ages
That were or ever shall be,
The bliss that we seek we saw not
And never forever shall see.

Fair dreams we have dreamed, dear comrades,
But our rose-girt hopes have fled;
Oh, many an early promise
That wakened our wills is dead.

The good we labored to gather,
The joy that was almost won,
Lie out of our life forever,
And our clouded day is done.

We were whims of a myriad chances,
The entangled strands of cause,
Which gave us a full, deep yearning
And broke us with pitiless laws.

But who can forbid us to fancy
We yet shall stand in the light
That shines for the favored of Nature?
Hope on till the fall of night!

Let us dream till Dark, the consoler,
Comes gently to lull us to rest;
To wrap us up snug for eons
In a care-free slumber nest.

REMORSE

In the ember glow I sit alone
At the twilight hour of life,
And muse of a day ere I stole away
To dwell in a world of strife.
I think of a hope forever gone,
Of joy that died in the din,
And dream of the love that once I loved
And the glory that might have been.

I stand anew on a grassy knoll
In the Springland of Romance,

And my soul is stirred by a love-fraught word
And the power of a tender glance.
The distant dell, where soft clouds drift,
And the future seem akin,
As again we plan for the years to come—
For the glory that never has been.

SUNDERED

I HAVE missed you, dearest being,
In the winding ways of earth.
At each turning, dimly yearning,
I have found but void and dearth;
Never learning or discerning
Where you linger, Soul of Worth.

When I brood o'er past and future,
Soon to you my thoughts incline.
In my dreaming, lost in seeming,
I am sure your hopes entwine

One still deeming love is streaming
From your heart to comfort mine.

Though I know that all my journey
Fortune's blight will darken through,
I am trying, vainly spying,
For the face I never knew.
And in dying, death defying,
All my heart will go to you.

VANITY

Roses lose their pink and white,
Clinging vines too soon untwine;
Day's dear light goes out in night,
Stars at last refuse to shine.

Is there, then, no faithful wight?
Yes, a creature sweetly true;
Woman bright as dawning light,
Constant-during . . . like the dew.

HELPMEET

Pretty eyes and tresses
    Capture easy men.
Dupes that wed for beauty
    Seldom smile again.

Woman takes the ducats,
    Woman grips the sous;
Finery and comforts
    Why should she refuse?

Much she helps her husband.
Here the rule discern—
Giving, giving, giving,
Asking no return.

Judges grant him respite;
Still there's gold to pay—
Alimony driblets
Till the Judgment Day.

THOUGHTS AND WISHES

WHEN the sky is blue, I think of you,

Of a woman gowned in gentle blue.

Through the sunset pink, of you I think,

Of a girl enrobed in darling pink.

When the moon shines fair on night like your hair,

I wish you were here—no, I'm glad you are there!

MELODY IN M

Music of her voice,
Magic of her eye,
Mystery of her presence
Make me sad—and why?

Much though I adore,
More than she can see,
Merry-minded maiden
Merely mocks at me.

ENVY

If I were Miss Florena's muff,
I'd be exceeding bold,
For e'en by day, on every way,
Two precious hands I'd hold.

If I might be Florena's muff,
Though other joys depart,
Enough for me that I could be
So very near her heart.

If I were just Florena's muff,
She'd like me much—she would;
Each soft caress, would then address
To me—ah, if she could!

ELFIN LAMENT

SWEET lady with the dark brown eyes,
With hair where night in slumber lies,
With ready smile and witching ways
That web the hearts of men and fays;
The shadows' pride, whom sunshine grew,
Enchantress, yet a kindness too—
Oh why, oh why, do you dart away
From hedge and lawn where the fairies play?

Sometimes at dusk your footfall light
Bestirs the pulse of bearded spright
And thrills the heart of this elfin king—
My heart leaps like a wounded thing.
Then forth I spring with happy cry
To welcome one who scurries by.
Aye, fast and faster follow you;
Distressed and breathless, call, "Halloo!

O lassie, come with fairies play
And frolic o'er the lawn till day."
But heedless (Sweet, you do not know),
With flying feet clear home you go;
You slam the door on hoary beard
And leave me with the dark you feared.

Then up to your window straight I leap
And flat my nose on the pane and peep.
A hopeless darkness rules awhile;
The light comes on, I see you smile.
You smile with a smile not meant for me—
Oh, would that dark brown eyes could see
The sad little heart that loves you so,
With changeless love that fairies show.

So, faint and grieved, I drop to earth
And slow wend back to sport and mirth—
To mirth I joy in ne'er again
Till, Queen of Fays, you crown my train.

TO LIVE IS TO SIN

By Spitfire, Kitten

I LICKED my paws
And sharped my claws;
Then purred, "Beware, my tasteful mouse,"
Ere I danced away
In the failing day
Through a spacious printing house.

And as I went
With greedy bent,
I stilled my heart as good men do.
" 'Tis not unkind
For me to find
A mellow mouse or two.

" 'Cause not for self
Or dainty pelf
I soon shall lick my velvet jaws;
To help poor man
The best I can,
I munch on mousy paws."

So round the base
Of many a case
Where printers toiled my bright eyes went.
With purpose ripe
Past linotype
I dashed—and found the scent.

Then through the door
And over the floor
Of the editorial room I flew.
In that hall of fame
I clawed my game
While the scribes roared, " 'Rah for you!"

The girl-cub cried
When this she spied,
"O naughty Spitfire, come not here
With angry mind
And all unkind—
You shall not hurt the dear!"

That mouse was scared,
So ill he fared.
"Let's arbitrate," he gently whined.
I took my fill.
"I gladly will,
But wait till I have dined."

EUGENICS? WHY NOT?

"If the afflicted member of your direct ancestral line was as far removed as a great-grandparent, and if you have at least three brothers and sisters, all normally resistant, you may assume that the taint has been eradicated."

"WED my daughter? Never, sir!
Parent love will shelter her."
Father thundered till he shook,
Scattering ice along his look.

Vanished all the suitor's bliss.
"What, ne'er taste your weedy kiss?
Tell me, man, what crime I've done
That I cannot be your son."

"Ancestors is your offense,
All of whom had taint immense!"
Fiercely Dolly's dad replied,
"For once at least they all have died!

"Dare you seek a sweet girl's hand?
Worse remains; I understand,
Scion tinctured through and through,
Some had cholera morbus, too."

Grief prolonged the suitor's face.
"Nature marked me for disgrace . . .
Break my heart . . . I shall be missed . . .
I go to death and calm unkissed."

DIVIDED DUTY

"Mother, I have torn my trousers—
Ripped them on a naughty nail.
Will you patch them while I slumber?
Please, please, mend them without fail."

"Sonny, mother cannot help you;
Wait until to-morrow night.
Mrs. Mancurst all this evening
Talks on 'Feebleness of Might.'"

"Wife, my six suspender buttons,
One by one, have slipped away;
How shall I sustain my garments?
Surely you will sew to-day."

"Husband, I am grieved to tell you
You must use a safety pin;
Dear, the canvass keeps me busy—
Woman's pet reforms must win.

"When I shall have done my duty,
Gladly I will sew and sweep;
Yes, and while the contest wavers,
O'er your troubles I will weep."

OLD MAN SNOW

WINTER, you have lingered long;
Well we know your icy art.
Though your hold on time is strong,
May it please you to depart.

You supplant the airy spring,
Waiting to awake and grow.
Let the birds return and sing;
Winter, Winter, melt and go.

DRIFTWOOD

Column for St. Valentine's Day

HERE'S to the little God of Love,
Who plays us tricks we know not of,
And sends us with an easy shove
To toil through life for just a dove.

* * * * *

Little heart, Cupid's dart
    Set you wildly throbbing.
Much the pain, all in vain;
    Soon you fell a-sobbing.

Luckless wight, what a spite!
Life was meant for smiling.
Cupid's naughty, Venus haughty—
Futile all reviling.

* * * * *

The youth was based upon his knees;
His upbent quaking arms implored,
While vibrant voice enhanced his pleas
To one through many months adored.

"Oh wilt thou be my loving spouse?
One word can flood my heart with light."
The answer fell from upper house—
" 'Tis half past ten; bid John good night."

* * * * *

"Though your father hate me,
Though your mother rate me,
What care I
For angry eye,
If my Susan mate me?"

"William, you're a queer one;
Would I could say 'dear one'.
What were I
Were Dad not by,
Coinfully to cheer one?"

* * * * *

"How I like you," William sighed.
"Make it love," the lass replied.
"I must then put out an 'i'."
"Love is blind, no ill to spy."
"Where shall 'k' go? tell me, Miss."
"Let me take it in a kiss."

LULLABY

(Songs like this will be sung in the nurseries of 2000 A. D.)

HUSH, little nebula,
Don't you cry;
You'll be a blue star
By and by.

Color will alter—
Gold, red, and black,
One after other,
Will garnish your back.

Kiddies called planets
    Will spring from your side.
Curling and whirling,
    World-stuff will ride

Round a vast circle,
    Performing a year;
Heat must go etherward,
    Cool lands appear.

Life soon will follow—
    Amoeba and worm;
Dinosaur, mammoth,
    And Brain for a term.

Warring and slaying,
    Fighting for mates,
Brain must live stories
    Of loves and of hates.

Wisdom will triumph,
War lords must die,
Happiness triple,
For Brain can go high.

. . . . . .

Planet on planet
Will crash—but don't sigh;
Again you'll be nebula
By and by.

TOO MUCH HISTORY

May, 1915

HAVE done with the rattle and rumble of war!
Away with hate of the foe!
Let your childish racial dreams dissolve,
Entente and alliance go.
Bid the brotherhood of nations rise
And world-wide concord grow.
O Teuton, Celt, and Slav, obey the higher call;
Forsake the long-drawn trenches and let the standards fall,
For the Lord still loves the nations, one Power upholds them all.

Let the Crescent light the Eastern sky,
And the Cross make bright the West;
Bid the sword of the Prophet rage no more,
And the steel of the Christian rest;
Let the long crusade forever end,
For only love is best.

O blinded Turk and Frank, obey the higher call;
Forsake the hateful turmoil and let the ensigns fall,
For Allah loves the races, one Power sustains them all.

GAME

I CELEBRATE the hollow skull,
    For years the home of What's-His-Name?
To this small house great joys repaired
    And cutting sorrows came.

I cannot praise the rugged cheeks
    Or gloomy nooks where eyes have been,
But must commend the mouth that still
    Is brave enough to grin.

LIONHEART

At Harbor Ease my ship bode long,
Lapped in a mirror bay,
Where sunshine fell on mast and desk
And lured my soul to stay.

But I bade the peaceful port farewell,
To steer my ship toward gain;
I fixed my hope on golden goals
That lie beyond the main.

And now a storm uphurls the sea;
Waves roar against my bark,
The wild winds madly flap the sails,
And night leads on the dark.

Yet hero blood shall fill these veins,
A lionheart control;
No churlish fear can master me
While purpose steels my soul.

So on I go through calm or storm,
Whiche'er the world may don;
As long as sails can hold the wind,
I will make the ship speed on!

"Could we forsake
Our gods and take
The Christ as more
Than Tiw or Thor?"
King Edwin's word
His councilors heard.
While elders sighed,
Thus thane replied:
"Out of the darkness, out of the storm,
To cross a feast hall, cheery and warm,
A sparrow wings; revives in the light,
And then flies back into snow and night.
Oh such, dear liege, is the life of man;
He joys and strives but a little span;
From gloom to gloom moves like a bird.
If Christ mean more, accept His Word."
As Faith increased,
A gray high priest
Denounced the gods
As dream-born rods;
Tho' called insane,
Rode steed to fane,
Cast lance at wall,
Placed torch to all.
While Woden flamed,
A seer proclaimed:
"O'er lea and land
A Cross shall stand,
Shall light and lead
Northumberland!"

LAST SONG

SUNLIGHT dances down the trail
    Gently bending toward to-morrow;
Luring me to leave the twilight
    Locked in hills of sorrow.
Home at last beyond the mountains!
    Were you missed of yore?
I shall miss you so again
    Never, never more.

Love denied, your charms are dust—

Laughing eyes with fringe of night,

Lips that curve to sink in dimples,

Cheeks of rosy white,

Shadow hair with furls to fetter—

Were you prized of yore?

I shall love you so again

Never, never more.

ETERNITY

ALONE among the stars I sit and dream
Of those vast reaches of Infinity
That conquer thought, where universes gleam
Like golden islands in the Ether Sea.

My spirit gropes within an awful night
Through which no traveled starbeam ever runs—
A nebula that now drinks heat and light;
That yet will shine and burgeon into suns.

I watch a primal fire-mist knot and burn
To form the great Arcturus, or behold
Two dark orbs, blindly clashing, flame and turn
To stellar dust whence newer orbs unfold.

Oh what are humankind and this our life
Compared with those star clouds beyond our sky?
What mean success, defeat, the patient strife
To make a better world? And what am I?

One germ among a billion and a half
That haunt a microscopic land and sea
Within the radiance of a puny sun,
Lost in the mazes of Eternity.

FINALE

So THIS is the end. The hour so long postponed
Has come, and Death is calling at my door.
Perhaps my Dark Friend wills that I should go
To save me from some lurking future woe.
But if for well or if for ill,
'Tis useless to implore,
For I must bid the World and Time
Good-bye for evermore.

A moment, Death. But give me pause to think.
This ever-flowered dale that I adore;
The blue that nestles in the Evening's arms
Far up the hills, secure from human harms;

The sunlit curving bay, the peaks
That rim the dimming shore—
To all that I have seen and loved,
Good-bye for evermore.

Quite ready, Death. How many you have called!
Above Fame's Book no longer I can pore
Or watch the ages' giants put to test—
Columbus and Magellan daring west,
Old Galileo's starry tour
Or Darwin delving lore.
And now—to storied, gloried Earth
Good-bye for evermore!

DATE DUE

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